

SPRING SUNSHINE.

The Vernal Season in Full Sway With
Frequenters of Battery Park.

Thousands Breathe Pure Sea Air
on Its Fine Promenade.

Scenes Caught by an "Evening
World" Artist—The First Real
Spring Day.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is no official record of "the first robin of spring" having been seen, there is plenty of evidence that the vernal goddess has ousted old Winter from her lap, and has again commenced doing business at the old stand. The superabundance of light overcoats, now, natty and nondescript, as well as the utter absence of that article of wearing apparel from gentlemen of apparent refinement; the appearance of the light-colored derby and of the business man in his shirt-sleeves at his work; the putting up of awnings; the resumption of swinging doors where the familiar sign of the goat rampant is seen; the traditional turning of the young man's thoughts to love, as indicated by the increase in the "marriage column"—all these speak plainer than words that "Spring has come."

The effect of the genial spring-time's coming is no more noticeable downtown than at Battery Park and in the vicinity of

every one, and before the reporter and the artist were aware of it they too, nearly fell victims to the general ennui and despondence.

One of the most noticeable victims of this Spring fever is a gentleman known to his intimates as "Hoboken Harry," who was taking a quiet siesta in the warm sunlight preparatory to taking his annual midsummer tour on foot through the central part of the State.

"Hoboken Harry's" route is generally



SPRING FEVER.

via the West Shore and connecting lines. His knowledge of the tripping is said to be unequalled, and his shoes showed it. It was learned that his Winter season at Blackwell's Island was satisfactory, in the matter of clothes and board, at least, and great hopes for the Summer were entertained by the gentleman.

The artist caught him in his favorite pose, one leg crossed upon the other and pointing seaward, while he vainly attempted to break his neck on the back of the seat.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

the Barge Office, the largest and most frequented "breathing place" in the metropolis below Fourteenth street.

The multifarious signs of Spring were easily evident to an EVENING WORLD reporter and artist who visited that locality yesterday.

The wide expanse of fresh, velvety, green grass, the budding shrubs and trees, the joyous twitter of the sparrows engaged in building their nests, and the presence of many sight-seers eagerly drinking in the pure, balmy sea air, all lent inspiration to the scene that betokened a farewell to Winter and the welcome of the happy Summer-time.

Everything partook of vigor and freshness save the ugly "L" structure, which wound around the budding beauty of the park like a deadly snake. Even the old Castle Garden, now deserted except as a tying-up place for the fireboat New Yorker,



AFTER A HARD WINTER.

Government tug and emigrant barges and steamboats, took on the spirit of Spring and modestly hid their historical proportions behind the blooming shrubbery.

The old volunteer fireman on duty at the gate even had a brand-new polish on his silk hat, and his fireman's tunic shone brighter than ever, while from the flag-pole on the top of the Barge Office proudly floated a spick and span new flag.

The benches had all been removed from the band stand, where they were stored during the Winter, placed in their usual positions along the various walks, and were nearly all occupied by the usual complement of "sitters," visitors and strangers in the city, beaux and sweethearts and the inhabitants of stuffy tenements, who gratefully inhaled the pure air and regretted the growing dusk that would send them back to their far too cramped apartments.

And the attitudes of the people who occupied the benches—if all other signs of Spring had been absent, this feature alone would have convinced the most sceptical.

"That tired feeling," for the dispelling of which the "L" road signs recommend a variety of sarsaparilla, seemed to pervade

poor outcast had become almost hilarious, and when some youngsters jokingly gave him a cigarette, his contentment was complete, and he retired to the chain fence for support and the better enjoyment of a quiet smoke.

Among the fresh air seekers were several ex-sufferers from the "grip." These viewed the many evidences of Spring with undisguised delight, and incidentally absorbed more "grip" as the balmy air grew colder and more damp towards evening.

A still stronger evidence that the season of sunshine had arrived, was manifest on a sequestered bench near the grand stand. Babies were plenty throughout the park, but the prettiest, chubbyest and the baby with the fattest little wrists lay asleep in his handsome little carriage, shamefully neglected.

Baby exhibited no visible resentment at his lack of care, although a bigger brother, still in skirts, did. The elder child brother was wonderfully interested in certain operations within the confectionery stand, where a red-faced young man was busily engaged in renovating the soda fountain and polishing up the glasses preparatory to the opening of the Spring trade and the attendant youthful months.

But the youngster's nursemaid would have none of it. Her attention was given undividedly to her "young man," who sat by her side pouring "soft nothings" into her ear, while her youthful charge, unheeded, was pulling the trimmings off from her dress in his endeavor to attract her attention to the preparations making within the confectionery booth.

A short distance away a similar scene was being enacted by two dusky Italian lovers, who had dared to seek America in spite of her New Orleans methods of handling the Mafia, and her alleged indifference to the interests of her adopted citizens.

In his gentlest Neapolitan accent, Antonio was pouring Italian taffy into Pasquella's right ear, and doubtless said had not an unfeeling, but hansom German immigrant girl planted herself alongside on the bench and attempted to join the conversation.

That settled it, and the impromptu love feast was summarily adjourned sine die.

The open cars on the Rik line, the fresh paint on the immigrant baggage wagons and the dry sand baths of the sparrows in the park flower beds before they went over to the tulle beds and assisted the sleepy bulbs in "coming up" added fresh conviction to the reporter and artist that Spring had come and yet there was one harbinger that had not yet been seen. But it was bound to come.

After fifteen minutes' patient waiting near the Battery wall a fat woman and a red toy balloon simultaneously put in their appearance and took the boat for Liberty Island.

Then the reporter and artist went home satisfied.

A QUEER CASE OF CATALEPSY.

A Dentist's Remarkable Actions Due to the Influence of a Cat's Tooth.

A correspondent sent the following letter to the editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*:

Sir: A case has lately come to my notice which it occurred to me might be of interest to your readers. You are doubtless familiar with the case of a dentist known as the implantation of teeth, which is simply substitution of a natural tooth in place of a lost one, even in its vacant cavity or, as in some instances, by insertion in a new and artificially formed one. The writer has a dentist friend who was an enthusiast regarding his profession, and especially in respect to transplantation, and, like other devotees to science, he did not hesitate to experiment upon himself by inserting in his own jaw, in place of a newly extracted tooth, a variable cat's tooth, and waited patiently upon the result of the experiment. In due time the tooth became thoroughly rooted in its place, and upon its possessor was something extraordinary. His whole demeanor underwent a change, and by no means for the better.

Instead of his wonted energy and devotion to business he showed a disposition to lounge about the house during the day, and, selecting a favorite divan, he would recline there, and like other devotees to science, he did not hesitate to experiment upon himself by inserting in his own jaw, in place of a newly extracted tooth, a variable cat's tooth, and waited patiently upon the result of the experiment. In due time the tooth became thoroughly rooted in its place, and upon its possessor was something extraordinary. His whole demeanor underwent a change, and by no means for the better.

On moonlight evenings he was particularly at ease, and would be admitted to the house roof, where he would wander from roof to roof, occasionally emitting sounds in exact imitation of the faint, low, plaintive wailing of a cat. He would extend to one another, but now and then interjecting an angry protest, as if spitefully repelling some obvious intrusion. Finally this state of things became unbearable, not only to the members of his immediate household, but to neighboring families in the near vicinity, and the health of my friend's receding also seriously impaired he was persuaded to sacrifice the pre-nuptial cause of his nocturnal eccentricities. I am happy to be able to state that my friend has partially recovered his former mental status, only now and then, under a fancied provocation, "getting his back up."

Nothing Strange About It.

"No, Miss Amy, remarked young Dr. Pareira, "as a physician I cannot accept the historical account of such longevity as Methuselah's."

"Oh, I can," replied Miss Amy, sweetly, "there were no doctors in those days."

Expire Together.

"On what date does Congress usually adjourn?"

"That depends entirely on the size of the surplus to be expended."

In the Spring

Nearly everybody needs a good medicine. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled, or when the mild days come, and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by debility or some serious disease. The remarkable success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the universal praise it has received, make it worthy your confidence. It is the "Ideal Spring Medicine."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 51¢ for 25¢. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses ONE DOLLAR.

TO TURN DOWN TIM.

The Post Geoghegan Describes the Famous Poverty Hall Primary.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Defeat the Congressman.

Tim Hired the Hall and His Friends Controlled the Voting.

Geoghegan, the East-Side poet, is not dependent alone on his lyric muse for fame. Besides being a sweet singer of renown, William Geoghegan has been a potent factor in the politics of the Sixth Ward for a long time.

Mr. Geoghegan is a Tammany man, or, to put it in his own words: "I am a Democrat all the time, and I recognize the Tammany Hall organization as the only real Democracy of New York."



"I AM LANDLORD HERE!"

Mr. Geoghegan had just returned from a funeral when an EVENING WORLD representative called at his home in Columbia street, but the address of that occasion dissipated into the sunshine of happiness when, in reply to the stereotyped request of the reminiscence reporter, the sweet-tongued poet said:

"Did you ever hear of the primary down in Poverty Hollow? It was held in a hall over a German beer saloon in Willett street, right opposite where Tim Campbell lived at the time, between Rivington and Delancey streets."

"Timothy J. Campbell was a Tammany man then, and was Chairman of the Sixth Assembly District General Committee. The Committee consisted of only eighteen members, one for each election district."

"There was considerable objection to four of the members of Campbell's Committee, and he refused to put them off, so an opposition ticket was set up by Assistant Alderman Mike Healey (poor Healey! He's dead since) and Assemblyman Matthew Patton."

"James Fitzpatrick, a Ninth District man, was appointed a supervisor by John Kelly, to come over here and look after this primary, and it was the wickedest primary in all the wicked history of the Sixth."

"Police Justice Edward Shandley was backing Healey and Patton, and ex-Assemblyman John Simpson tried hard to hold possession of the hall that night."

"But Tim Campbell was very cunning. He suspected trouble, and he hired the hall two days in advance and paid his money."

"Campbell claimed possession, and when the German who owned it, and who forgot about renting it to Tim, tried to put Tim out, Tim got excited. He shook his receipt in the air over his head and shouted: 'I am landlord here! I own this place for twenty-four hours, and don't you forget it!'"

"The present Alderman Clancy and ex-Alderman Pat Farley were there. They barred the hallway—it was a little narrow hallway—that led to the balloting place, and nobody could get in or out until they let 'em."

"There was no show, anyway, for the opponents of Tim Campbell, except by hard fighting."

"Tom Campbell, a brother of the Congressman, with two or three others took possession of the small little bit of a window in the saloon where the votes were taken."

"Mike Healey—he was called 'the Long Fellow'—and his friends shouldered and pushed, and had a muss with Tom and Tim Campbell and a few of their friends around the window, and Tom Campbell jumped on the Long Fellow's 'tocs' with both feet."

"Yes, Healey had been after striking him, and after that they ousted him; but poor old Simpson, he lost his hat and coat. They were just torn right from him, and there wasn't enough left of 'em for a good mop."



"HIS HAT AND COAT WERE TORN FROM HIM."

"Nobody was very much nearer to William Mary Tweed than Tim Campbell in those days, and there wasn't a day passed when 'Big Six' was in Ludlow Street Jail, in '74 and '75 that Tim Campbell didn't visit him there."

"Tim had good reason to stick to Tweed, for Tweed had been his good friend on more than one occasion. Big Six was with him on this occasion by a large majority."

"Well, Tweed had sent a lot of his friends to help Tim Campbell out, and there was a big row."

"One of Campbell's followers was Farral Smith, a very rough character from along

YOUR MOST DANGEROUS FOE.

And How To Surely Overcome It.

What wonder that there are so many shattered nerves, tired brains and debilitated bodies, when we consider the thousands who pass sleepless or disturbed nights and rise mornings feeling utterly exhausted, drained of vitality, with tired limbs, exhausted energies, nerves and ambition.

It is manifest folly to use opium, morphine or alcohol. There is one sure way to cure sleeplessness—use Dr. Green's Nervine. This wonderful remedy is nature's own sleep producer, and is perfectly harmless, being made from pure vegetable medicines.



"I CAN SURELY RECOMMEND DR. GREEN'S NERVINE."

Having been troubled in this way for three years, and sleeping scarcely a night, I have used Dr. Green's Nervine with great benefit. I have also recommended this Nervine to many of my friends, who have been much benefited by its use. S. H. HILL, "11 Union St., Concord, N. H."

Dr. Green, the specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 55 West 14th St., New York, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

the docks, and Farral Smith, he fired off a pistol.

"The bullet went through the lapel of Lex Stuart's coat."

"Went through my coat, and grazed along up over my shoulder and then broke the glass in the door of Moloney's liquor store on the corner of Delancey and Willett streets."

"That shot had the effect of ending the primary. The police were in Tim Campbell's favor and they came down on the crowd."

"Of course, there were several arrests. Farral Smith was arrested, and—well, several of those in the muss. But nobody appeared against anybody, and they were let go right away."

"But the Sergeant of police who bowed the job was dismissed from the force shortly afterwards, and so was Policeman Kelly."

"Patton and Healey brought the whole matter up, before the Tammany Hall Central Committee, and they settled it so that Tim Campbell got two-thirds and Patton and Healey one-third of the representation on all committees."

"But the next year Patton and Healey beat Tim out, and in 1880 Tim helped to organize the County Democracy, and he has been out of Tammany Hall ever since. We had beat Patton in 1882, Eddie Kelly and some of the rest of us did, and I was put at the top of the ticket to do it. But we never had any fun like the Poverty Hollow primary of 1872."

FATHER MAHON'S RICH GIFT.

He Donates \$500,000 Worth of Real Estate to the Washington University.

Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, will return to that city to-day with the documents conferring the magnificent gift to that institution made yesterday by Rev. Father James McMahon, pastor of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church on Duane street.

Father McMahon has donated to the University a quantity of real estate in this city and at Long Branch, N. J., amounting in value to \$500,000. The gift is absolutely irrevocable, and the University has authority to sell the property and use the proceeds as they see fit, but the donor's preference is for the erection of buildings.

The latest benefactor of the University is seventy years old. He is a native of Ireland and studied for the priesthood in Ireland. He was a member of the New York State Bar in 1848, and has since that time been a member of the New York State Bar. He is now a member of the New York State Bar.

Three Cracked Skulls.

Three Men Seriously Hurt by Falls and Taken to Hospital.

George Griffith, of 25 Manhattan street, fell into the sewers of 55 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, and fractured his skull, shortly after midnight last morning. Matthew Hoffman, of 100 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, fell into the sewers of 55 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, and fractured his skull, shortly after midnight last morning.

High Gallagher fell down a flight of stairs at his residence, 100 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, and fractured his skull, shortly after midnight last morning.

King Kelly Restored.

The partisans of King Simon Kelly, of Weehawken, are rejoicing in the return of that gentleman to power, as the result of the charter election. Mr. Kelly triumphed by a majority of 137 in a total vote of 477. Every ward in the city voted for him.

It is said that at the first meeting Mr. Kelly will be chosen Chairman by the Council. All the old-time friends of Kelly are sure that it is expected that the police force will be reorganized in his honor, and that the men who were expelled from the force will be reinstated.

Mr. Kelly was a member of Weehawken for nearly twenty years. He was exceedingly popular, his character being so attractive as to have him elected to the office of Mayor of Weehawken in 1874. He was a member of the Weehawken Fire Department, and was a member of the Weehawken Athletic Club.

Orphans at the Circus To-day.

In response to the generous invitation of J. A. Bailey to the children of the various orphan asylums of the city to visit without cost the greatest show on earth, numerous applications were received, and if all the children should attend who have been selected there will be a houseful.

At least 5,000 children are expected. Among the institutions that have applied for seats are the Wilson Industrial School, the New York Orphan Asylum, Duane Street Catholic Orphan Asylum, and many others. The entire balcony all around the building has been reserved for the children, and the rest of the building will be taken up by the children.

EXTRA PAINTS WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Every Suit has two pairs of Knee Pants.

PRICES FOR BOYS' SUITS.

BOYS' SUITS, SHIRTS & TIES, 4 TO 14 YEARS, WITH PANTS TO MATCH, IN FANCY CASSIMERE, SERGE, OR TWEED, WITH OR WITHOUT LININGS, TRIMMED AND WELL TAILORED, PERFECT FITTING.

\$2.49 \$3.49 \$4.50

MEN'S SUITS.

ALL WOOL, CASSIMERE, SERGE, OR TWEED, WITH OR WITHOUT LININGS, TRIMMED AND WELL TAILORED, PERFECT FITTING.

\$10.00 \$12.00 \$15.00

MEN'S SPRING TOP COATS.

IN MELTONS AND KERSEYS, WITH OR WITHOUT LININGS, TRIMMED AND WELL TAILORED, PERFECT FITTING.

\$7.50

SPECIAL.

MEN'S TROUSERS.

400 PAIRS OF THE FAMOUS "HOBOKEN HARRY" TROUSERS, IN FANCY CASSIMERE, SERGE, OR TWEED, WITH OR WITHOUT LININGS, TRIMMED AND WELL TAILORED, PERFECT FITTING.

\$5

B. Stern & Son

MANUFACTURING CLOTHIERS.

458 and 460 Grand St., cor. Pitt St.

OPEN EVENINGS.

A FIFTH OF TWENTY MILLIONS.

Efforts Renewed to Break Tobaccoist John Anderson's Will.

The complicated Anderson will now has been involved in more legal tangles by the suit recently brought against the New York Life Insurance Company and the renewal of the suit of Mrs. Laura V. Appleton against her brother, J. C. Anderson, for a division of the estate of their father, John Anderson, the famous tobaccoist, who died in 1881. The estate is valued at \$20,000,000.

Mr. Anderson made a will leaving the bulk of his property to his son, J. C. Anderson, who was then a minor. The other heirs were Mrs. Appleton and the children of deceased daughters, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Bryant and Mrs. Barnard.

Mrs. Appleton, under the will, received an annual income of \$250,000. She was dissatisfied, and the other heirs objected, too. J. C. Anderson settled with all the others, and the only contestant now is Mrs. Appleton. She declares that her father was of unsound mind, and in no condition to make a will.

She wants her one-third share in the Plaza Hotel, the estate of her father, and the other heirs object. The suit is now pending in the Supreme Court.

There is a cigar-makers' strike at John (Grampers) Brothers', 25 Nassau street, Philadelphia, and cigar-makers' strike at John (Grampers) Brothers', 25 Nassau street, Philadelphia, and cigar-makers' strike at John (Grampers) Brothers', 25 Nassau street, Philadelphia.

The House Painters' Union announces that its eight-hour strike has been a complete success. The painters have been working for three days, and the work has been done in a most satisfactory manner.

John (Grampers) Brothers' Union No. 1 announces that its eight-hour strike has been a complete success. The painters have been working for three days, and the work has been done in a most satisfactory manner.

Local Union No. 398, of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, has elected J. H. Hetherford, Master; W. F. F. Little, Secretary; A. E. Johnson, Collector; Thos. F. Little, Treasurer.

For the striking clockmakers \$250,000 were required yesterday by the joint strike committee. The labor organizations of Chicago and Hartford have promised to contribute \$100,000 each.

The cigar-makers' strike at the shop of John P. Lee terminated in a victory for the strikers yesterday. The firm restores the former wages and will employ the men on the same terms as before.

Freemen's Union No. 21 has elected the following officers: C. W. Duke, President; J. A. Warren, Secretary; J. H. Hetherford, Treasurer; J. H. Hetherford, Treasurer; J. H. Hetherford, Treasurer.

In old-time the laborer thought that social inequalities were due to chance or the mysterious ways of Providence. Now he knows that they are caused by robbery and injustice.

Charles H. Stempel, a well-known member of Puritan Workmen's Union No. 1, died yesterday of consumption. His body will be cremated next Sunday afternoon at 10 o'clock.

Parsonage Workers' Union No. 1 has decided to parade on May 1. A transportation has been arranged, and the members will wear red ribbons on the lapels of their coats.

The women of the Menks, Abraham Simpson and Gustav Rosenau, the cannibals who are charged with eating by Robert Mark Davis, Martin Breen and Herman Alexander, were held for trial yesterday at the Essex Market Police Court.

The indignation meeting held for the purpose of increasing the membership of the New York Orphan Asylum, was held yesterday evening at 407 Grand street. The meeting was a success, and the membership was increased by 407.

At the last regular meeting three new members were initiated into the membership of the New York Orphan Asylum. The meeting was a success, and the membership was increased by 407.

The New York Orphan Asylum, which was founded in 1817, is now one of the largest and most successful of its kind in the world. It has a large and well-equipped building, and a large and well-trained staff of teachers and nurses.

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THE SUNDAY WORLD

Will Be the Most Readable Newspaper Issued in New York.

HERE ARE A FEW FEATURES:

IN DIVORCE LAND.

A WORLD correspondent makes a heroic exploration of the tight little State of Delaware, and ascertains how easily he can get divorced. It is a weird and startling narrative in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

HOW JOHN MORRISSEY KEPT FAITH.

Inspector Williams tells one of the most remarkable stories of hair-breadth escape ever published in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

A HEAD OF DEATH.

Sidney Luska's "Possible Case" appears in next SUNDAY'S WORLD. What a man saw in a mirror to horrify him. A weird story spendily told.

CRUISING IN THE ALABAMA.

Adventures on board the famous Confederate vessel told by Capt. John McIntosh Kell, executive officer.

JOSEPH HATTON,

The famous English Novelist and Dramatist, gives to THE WORLD some interesting personal reminiscences of well-known authors.

LATER-DAY POISONS.

New drugs are being introduced and poisons are as plenty as peanuts—"harmless" preparations that will kill you on sight.

CARL SCHURZ

Predicts in THE WORLD that steamers will yet cross the ocean in three days. He tells of the latest triumph in marine architecture.

SIDE LIGHTS ON JAPAN.